**Loss of darling person.**

**Throughout life we lose many people. It could be a manager from your work who died in a car crash, acquaintance who moved to another country or a friend who betrayed you. The amount of pain that you will feel with these losses will change according to how close and darling this person was for u. But the most difficult will be your first loss of darling person, and then after a while it will be not so hard for you.**

**My first big loss was two years ago. It was my best friend. She is still alive and has a great life and from time to time we see each other in the street and have a cup of coffee together. But for me she is another person. And it is so hard to realize that person who earlier understands me without words now don’t know anything about me.**

**I think she was the only person who understood me and everything I did. She was my only best friend forever. I will never have again someone like she was to me. The time of our friendship was the best time for me, because it always easier to live when you know that someone believes in you and understands you. But everything comes to an end and this wasn’t an exception…**

**We hadn’t seen each other all summer and before school started we met in our favorite park. Of course we joyfully ran to each other and hugged for 15 minuets at least; but when she started to tell me about her summer I understood that I had lost her. She was another, not better or worse but another. I couldn’t believe it! Is it my best friend? Is it really she? Why couldn’t she understand me without words?! Why doesn’t she want to spend the last day of summer with me like all the years before?!**

**Since this time our meetings became less and phone conversations shorter and in a couple of months we stopped communicating at all. Since this time she is dead to me.**

**I have a small cemetery of people who were dear to me. They died not really, but for me – forever. This cemetery is within me, nobody knows about it. It is always clean and beautiful. Some times I walk my cemetery, stopping near the graves and lay flowers. If I meet this people on the street I move on; I have no pain about this. These people are dead. They don’t know about this but I do.**

**This girl has the main grave in my cemetery. I buried her, so it doesn’t hurt and offend me. For the first time it was so hard. She didn’t go out from my head, she was clinging to life. But now I’m calm, I have no pain about this. I will never say something bad about her, because it’s not polite to talk bad about the dead.**